THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN ART

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. By Thomas Gainsborough, 1722–1788

MRS. SARAH SIDDONS. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723–1792

MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN. By Herself, 1755–1842

QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA. By Gustav Richter, 1823–1884

MADAME RECAMIER. By Jacques Louis David, 1748–1825

COUNTESS ZOFIA POTOCKA. By Alexandre Kucharski, 1736–1820

By J. THOMSON WILLING

Author of "Some Old Time Beauties" and "Dames of High Degree"

WHAT is beauty? Can that quality, which gives pleasure to the eye as music gives pleasure to the ear, be analyzed and its lure be dissected and laid bare? Some have attempted it, but without success. There are laws of beauty, but there is much beauty that challenges law and defies analysis. Beauty in woman conforms not to laws, but is its own and only law. We may list and define the qualities that make beauty in woman, but even where these qualities are found beauty may be lacking. The Greek ideal of proportions for the human form can be given, the Italian rules for beauty may be recited, but with all that perfect beauty may not be attained. It is often the something so difficult to define that we call "personality" that is the crowning feature of woman's beauty. Though she may lack in much that the law of beauty

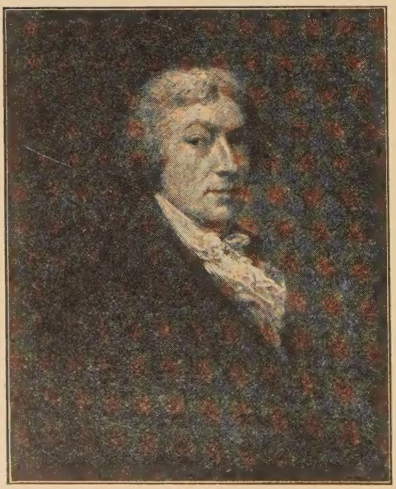
demands, the spirit that animates her may make her a greater beauty in the eyes of others than many of her sisters better favored by Nature.

The service of beauty is in giving joy. Art's aim is to transmit that joy. If beauty gives joy, it is the duty of every woman to make herself as beautiful as possible and to retain that beauty as long as she can. It is her duty to her time. The beautiful women of France felt this, and many of them preserved their beauty and charm to an advanced age.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
Painted by Himself

And the art in portraiture of any time is a lasting memorial to its fair women, in some cases a gallant celebration of them. The women of Reynolds' time may not have been more beautiful than those of other periods of history, but his art has made us believe it. He was chivalric in that art, seeing grace where he might and charm where he could.

He put it this way: "Even in portraits the grace, and we may add the likeness, consists more in taking the general air than in observing the exact similitude of every feature." Fortunate indeed have been these six women, famous in their day for beauty, in the portrayers who proved able to capture and express it. We have written record of the beauty of all of them, but words avail nothing without the painted record. The brush has given enduring life to charming personalities, otherwise lost in the past. Johnson said that portraiture was the truest historical painting. The Georgian period is alive for us in the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence. We know in their portraiture the court and the life of the time as we could not know it from written history. Apart from the rendering of the personality of the sitter and showing the trend of taste, all these six portraits have the charm of intrinsic pictorial beauty. As pictures they delight and satisfy, as all great portraits should do without



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH
Painted by Himself

any knowledge of the identity of the subject. Likeness, though a requisite in portraits, is not the only essential. There must be also such character of design as to make them agreeable pictures. Greek beauty was wholly a perfection of form and loveliness of lines. To these, painted portraiture adds color. Though Ruskin says: "Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn," yet color is the least necessary in portraits—as is seen in the black and white reproductions of color work. Design, the arrangement of lines and the relation of forms, differentiates a great picture from a thousand others not counted great. An artist acquires a manner of doing things. He works through many years in such a way that his habit of thought and effort become known, and these gradually form a style. Years of rendering of grace, beauty, and dignity of life by Reynolds and Gainsborough are expressed in their pictures of Devonshire and of Siddons. Le Brun painted several portraits with the design of mother and child, but that of herself with her child "in the love-locked harbor of her arms" was the supreme result of her art finding in herself the most suited subject.

Interesting as they are as pictures, these portraits have added interest from the viewpoint of the careers of the people portrayed—all of them people who played notable parts in their time. Their beauty was a force. Georgiana, the dashing Duchess of Devonshire, was a power in politics and dominated the Whig court of Carlton House, the home of the Prince of Wales. On her death in 1806 the Prince remarked, "We have lost the best bred woman in England." "We have lost the kindest heart in England,"

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE
From a Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

said her old friend and admirer, Charles James Fox. Wraxall wrote what is considered to be the best contemporary description of her: "The personal charms of the Duchess constituted her smallest pretensions to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regularity of feature and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, her irresistible manners and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red, and her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered an ordinary countenance." Reynolds painted her in her childhood, in the splendor of her youth, and again as a young mother. Gainsborough's great portrait was painted when she was 27. Vivacity and joyousness in life gave her a much greater personal popularity than those noted beauties from Ireland, the Gunnings and the Luttrells, and of course her position aided her to outclass the Linleys, even though Eliza Linley married the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In the tragic beauty of Mrs. Sarah Kemble Siddons the painter Reynolds found his greatest subject. Though some features did not conform to good standards, her manner and bearing were such as to offset all defects. Gainsborough's portrait of her is second only to his Devonshire. Lawrence painted upwards of fifteen portraits of her throughout her career. He was her great admirer and was engaged to a daughter who died. Her fame is as the greatest actress of the English stage. Her art cannot be shown, but the painter's art has preserved for us many a transcript of her potent loveliness.

MRS. SIDDONS
From a Painting by Gainsborough

In contrast to the illustrious Siddons' tragic mien is the delicate grace of Le Brun's beauty. Mme. Louise Elizabeth Vigée (Veegay), the daughter

of a beautiful mother, was born in Paris in 1755 and died there in 1842. In all history there have been few more marvelous children, for at fifteen years she had such fame as an artist that the grand dames of Paris were thronging her studio. She was made a member of the Academy of St. Luke at 19 and of the Royal Academy at 27. She painted upwards of thirty portraits of Marie Antoinette, before the Terror caused her to leave France. They are the chief records of the beauty of that Queen. She traveled in Italy, painting everywhere she went. Her best known portrait is the one painted for the gallery in Florence, in which is hung only the portraits of great artists painted by themselves. She spent years in Russia, becoming identified with the court life there. Her beauty and ability made her welcome in Prussia and in England. She was a constant worker. At her death she left over 650 portraits and many landscapes.

Madame Le Brun records her first impression of Queen Louisa of Prussia, whose portrait she painted in 1801: "The charm of her lovely face, with its fine and regular features, her beautiful figure, neck and arms, and the dazzling whiteness of her complexion, everything about her surpassed my expectations. She was clad in deep mourning, with a head dress of wheat ears, black jet, which added still more to the brilliancy of her skin."

Princess Louisa of Strelitz was born in Hanover in 1776. Her aunt, Queen Charlotte of England, wished that she should marry the Prince of Wales, but her fate was that she should be consort of Prussia's King when that country suffered in its wars with Napoleon. Thackeray refers to her as "that famous Louisa who shares with Marie Antoinette in the last age the sad pre-eminence of beauty and misfortune." Goethe refers to this Queen's divine beauty, and we have record of the King's own impassioned description addressed to her: "I saw you standing in the entrance of the bower in a white dress, loosely covering your noble and charming figure, a gentle smile playing on your pure, sweet face,

MRS. SIDDONS
From a Painting in National Gallery, London
By Sir Thomas Lawrence

MRS. SIDDONS
From a Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

golden ringlets flowing down both sides of your rosy cheeks, and your head wreathed with the full and fragrant roses, which seemed to bend down upon you from the bower in order to kiss and adore you, your round white arms only half covered with clear lace sleeves and a full blown rose in your right hand, which you had raised to your waist. I beheld an angel of innocence and beauty. A true artist shall render and eternize that moment for me so that one day when we are gone our son may look up to the painting, and say, 'Such was my mother, when my father first saw her.'"

Another record of her at the time reads, "Glorious blue eyes beaming in the full fire of youth, enthusiasm, and happiness; a sweet smile playing on her finely formed mouth with the ripe cherry lips. Her noble and pure forehead arose above a nose of classic regularity, and her figure, so proud and yet so charming, so luxurious yet so chaste, full of true royal dignity and winning womanly grace."

Richter's portrait painted long years afterwards is an idealized picturing of these written records and of several contemporary pictures of her. Noble lines mark its rendering and give the grace, majesty, and calm bliss of life. It makes its appeal largely from the same quality that commends the great Greek statue, "The Victory of Samothrace," that of poise and bearing. In these attributes she resembles Marie Antoinette, who was of royal carriage and who said it was well she was a queen, else that manner and bearing would be taken for insolence. That misfortune which was theirs shows in their faces. Indeed the element of sadness is desirable in great portrayals of beauty. "The sadness of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain" in art, as it does in poetry and music.

Madame Recamier (Ray-kä-my ay), famous as being the most beautiful woman of her time, was, like Le Brun, the daughter of a beautiful mother, a blonde, lively, clever, and graceful. Her father, Jean Bernard, was a handsome man. She was born in Lyons in 1777, and was named Jeanne Francois Julie Adelaide. When but fifteen years of age she married the Paris banker, M. Recamier, who was twenty-seven years her senior. She is

described shortly after her marriage as having "a figure flexible and elegant; a well poised head; throat and shoulders of admirable form and proportions; beautiful arms, though somewhat small; a little rosy mouth, pearly teeth; black hair that curled naturally; a delicate and regular nose, an incomparable brilliancy of complexion; a frank, arch face, rendered irresistibly lovely from its expression of goodness; a carriage slightly indicative of both indolence and pride."

Like Le Brun, she dressed very simply in white, varying its material, form, and trimmings. Greek simplicity in costume was her usual habit, so David's portrait was not a pose in garment but her usual garb. That goodness of face was a life long attribute, made more marked by a goodness of life. Her gracious manner drew to her most of the men of minds of her time. Some women were envious of her power, but no ill was spoken of her.

It was in 1800 that she sat for her portrait to David (Dah-veed'). This picture was not regarded as satisfactory by the artist and was set aside. It was sold in his effects in 1829, was bought by M. Charles Lenormant for 6,000 francs, and was disposed of by him to the Louvre (loovr) for the same sum. Shortly after it was painted, a commission was given to Gerard, who produced what is thought to be one of his most beautiful creations. This picture was given by Madame Recamier to Prince Augustus of Prussia, an ardent admirer, by whom it was returned to her thirty years afterward. It has been objected to as not truly expressive of Madame Recamier's bearing.

A friend wrote: "Though exquisitely beautiful, I always looked at it with pain and regret. It is not thus that a woman of pure mind and irreproachable life ought to be transmitted to posterity. The low morality and the coarse, depraved taste of the period, at which time this picture was painted, have tinged it with a character which is not satisfactory to those who loved her."

MME. LE BRUN
From a Painting by Herself
In the Louvre

Her classic beauty inspired her friend Canova, the sculptor, to

MME. LE BRUN
From a Painting by Herself
In the National Gallery, London

create a bust of her during her exile in Rome in 1813. Never a favorite of the Emperor, she was exiled by him for several years, because of her open friendship for many of the great thinkers opposed to the Empire, and chiefly for her intimacy with Madame de Staël (Stahl), who was a firm admirer and who once wrote, "I am listening to music that recalls your sweet face and those attractions you possess apart from your beauty."

She who is known as the beautiful Countess Potocka (Po-tots'-kah), was not of the Slavic type. The arched eyebrows, the large, lustrous eyes and the delicate mouth are not Polish, but Greek, and this lady was a native of Greece. She was first married at thirteen years to the French Ambassador to the Turkish Court. Her second marriage was to a Polish army man, Count de Witt. Shortly afterward she married Count Szcresny (Felix) Pilawa Potocki from Tulczyn, born in 1752, the son of the Vogevoda of Kijou (Kiev) called popularly the King of Ukrainia. The Count's first wife was Gertrude Komorowska, a beautiful woman of a lower class, to whom her proud father-in-law objected as a member of the family. By his influence she was separated and sent in the convoy of Cossacks to Lemberg Convent, but was killed on the way.

The name of Count Felix Potocki (Po-tots'-kee) is hated in Poland, for he betrayed his country, as leader of the Confederation of Tavgonia. When he married Zofia, the beautiful Greek, he laid out a beautiful park for her on his estate Humar in Ukrainia, and called it Zofiofka. This was after the last partition of Poland in 1795. This place cost fifteen millions Polish guldens, not counting the work of his serfs. It was regarded in Poland as the eighth wonder in the world, and is described and celebrated in one of the best Polish poems, "Zofiofka," by Trembeck.

The portrait of the Countess was painted by Alexandre Kucharski, (Ku-kar-skee) a Polish artist born in 1736, and who died in 1820. He studied in Paris, and his work was French in manner. He painted portraits of the grand dames of the period in Poland and in France. One of his greatest pictures is of Marie Antoinette in prison.

Madame Le Brun tells that when in Rome she painted the portrait of Countess Potocka very picturesquely, with her leaning against a mossy rock and behind her some waterfalls.

The Countess spoke of Potocki as "my third husband; but I think I will take up the first one again, who suited me better, although he is a regular scamp." When she was yet Madame de Witt, the Prince Potemkin, favorite of Catherine II., though in love with the famous beauty Princess Dolgorouki, also adored the lovely young Greek, who was somewhat vain of her charming face. That face has been affixed by art for all time, never to pass into nothingness.

The most appealing beauty in nature is usually that which passes most quickly; the rich, gleaming color of the flower, the glory of the sunset, the shimmer of light in the tawny skin of the tiger—all give delight in the beholding. As the highest beauty of all is the beauty of woman, that artist has best justified his art who records in all their charm the passing attributes which go to make up her beauty. The radiant eye, the glowing flesh, the contour of body, all pulsing with life and expressing a personality differing from a million other personalities, is the subject which the artist must transfix so that those who see the picture may feel the life and the lure of it.

Lanier, the poet, was fond of inverting the biblical phrase, "the beauty of holiness," into "the holiness of beauty." That mysterious quality in nature which we call beauty is indeed holy. We involuntarily bow before that divinity and do it reverence, and are grateful to such art as glorifies it and the artist by whose hand it is wrought.

"The joy of the hand that hews for beauty is the sweetest solace beneath the sun."

MME. RECAMIER
From a Painting by Francois Gerard in the Louvre

MADAME LE BRUN BY HERSELF

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, BY GAINSBOROUGH

ONE

IF Thomas Gainsborough had not been such an excellent painter, he might have become one of the greatest forgers of history. There is a story of his boyhood which tells of his having forged his father's name to a note asking the schoolmaster to "give Tom a holiday." When his father saw the forged note he cried out, "The boy will come to be hanged!" But when he saw the sketches which Tom had made during his stolen holiday, he exclaimed, "The boy will be a genius!"

Gainsborough turned out to be a genius. Even as a boy he showed himself to be remarkably talented. One day he saw a man looking over the wall of his father's property, with greedy eyes on the fruit of a well-loaded pear tree. The look of desire on the man's face tempted the lad to sketch him. This he did, and with such remarkable accuracy that his father was afterward able to identify the man, much to the latter's confusion.

Gainsborough was born in England in 1727. He was the youngest of nine children. During his boyhood he used to fill his schoolbooks with sketches. His father saw the direction in which his talents lay, and did not oppose his becoming a painter. Gainsborough went to London to study. At the age of twenty he married Margaret Burr, who was beautiful, and also had a yearly income of $1,000. In 1760 he moved to Bath, the resort of wealth and fashion.

Gainsborough moved again in 1774, this time to London. He was one of the original thirty-six members of the Royal Academy. He withdrew, however, in 1784, being dissatisfied with the position given one of his pictures at an exhibition. On August 2, 1788, he died.

Gainsborough painted his great portrait of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, when she was twenty-seven years old. She was one of the ruling beauties of her day and a power in politics. Her kindliness, good breeding, and beauty endeared her to all who came in contact with her. She enjoyed life. She was noted for her vivacity and enthusiasm.

Gainsborough's strongest claim to greatness was his ability to paint a truthful likeness. He painted at great speed. His total output of paintings exceeded 300, of which the majority were portraits of the aristocracy.

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TWO

WHEN the great French painter, Jacques Louis David, was dying in Brussels, an exile from his own country, a print of Leonidas, one of his favorite subjects, was shown to him. After vaguely looking at it for a long time, "There is no one but me who could conceive the head of Leonidas," he whispered, and died. This was not conceit on the part of the famous artist, but knowledge that he was the greatest French painter of the classic school of his day. French art had followed French literature into the realms of classicism. Classic treatment of classic subjects was the rule in painting, and David was the most popular and able painter in this school.

David was born in Paris on August 31, 1748. His artistic talent was early recognized, and he was put under able teachers. He soon fell under the influence of the classical reaction. His paintings won him immediate recognition and popularity. He became painter to King Louis XVI.

At the outbreak of the Revolution in 1789, David was carried away by the wave of republicanism which swept France. He was a member of the convention which condemned King Louis to death, and his vote was against the man who had so greatly benefited him. He was moved to do this by his sense of duty to a principle.

Napoleon was David's idol. The artist became his most enthusiastic admirer. His picture of Napoleon on horseback pointing the way to Italy is now in Berlin.

When the Bourbons returned to power David was exiled. He retired to Brussels, where he died on December 29, 1825. The government arrested his funeral procession at the frontier of France, as the artist's body was on the way to Paris for burial.

David's portrait of Madame Récamier shows keen observation and insight into character. Jeanne Françoise Julie Adélaïde Récamier was beautiful, accomplished, with a real love for literature, and one of the leading figures in French literary and political circles of the early nineteenth century.

She was married at fifteen, and lived at Paris until exiled by Napoleon's orders. In 1814 she retired to Abbaye-aux-Bois, an old Paris convent. She lost most of her fortune, but never her attraction. She died at Paris on May 11, 1849.

David's portrait of Madame Récamier is now in the Louvre, Paris. The composition and draftsmanship of this picture are excellent.

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MADAME LEBRUN AND DAUGHTER, BY HERSELF

THREE

A GREAT artist who was also a perfect mother, such was Vigée Lebrun. The world known picture of Madame Lebrun and her daughter shows the two great passions in the life of this beautiful, charming woman,—her love for painting, and her love for her daughter. She was devoted to the child, and she has put all her devotion and affection into this wonderful portrait. This painting, greatest and most important of all her works, now hangs in the Louvre, Paris.

Madame Marie Anne Élisabeth Vigée Lebrun was born in Paris on April 16, 1755. Her father, Louis Vigée, was a painter in pastel. He began to teach her drawing almost before she was out of the cradle. This got the little girl into trouble; for as she grew older she marked up everything with pictures,—schoolbooks, walls, clothes, and anything on which colored chalk would show.

But one of these pictures, the sketch of a head, brought her good fortune. So excellent was this little piece of work that, though Élisabeth was only seven years old at the time, her father decided that she must become an artist. Not only was this fortunate for her, but it has benefited the rest of the world as well.

She was taught painting by Doyen and Horace Vernet. But the greatest influence in her art came from the early French painters, Watteau, Fragonard and Greuze. Their works she studied carefully in the Louvre. Rubens, whose famous series of paintings she saw in the Luxembourg, also had a powerful influence on the young artist.

Her progress was rapid. By the age of fifteen she was well known as a portrait painter and had many pictures to her credit. Sometime a little later her great opportunity came. The rich and influential Duchess de Chartres commissioned Lebrun to paint her portrait.

She was married to Jean Batiste Pierre Lebrun when she was only nineteen years old. In 1783 she was elected to the French Academy. When the Revolution broke out in France, Madame Lebrun fled to Italy. At Naples she painted Lady Hamilton, a famous beauty of the time.

Her husband, Lebrun, seems to have been a spendthrift. He wasted not only his own money, but also the earnings of his wife, in dissipation. She lived apart from him, and in 1813 he died.

Madame Lebrun had been the favorite painter of Queen Marie Antoinette, and at the restoration of Louis XVIII, she became again court painter. She died in Paris on March 30, 1842.

More than 650 portraits, 200 landscapes, and 15 historical pictures comprise the work of Madame Lebrun. Most of these pictures are in private collections.

Many well known people sat for her. Lord Byron and Madame de Staël were among these. But she showed her independence of great people by offending Napoleon when she was about to paint his sister, Caroline, the wife of Murat.

The portrait of Madame Lebrun and her daughter was first exhibited in 1789. It excited great attention and enthusiasm. The pose of the figures is charming, and the refinement and elegance that mark all the work of Madame Lebrun is shown here strongly.

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COUNTESS POTOCKA

FOUR

THREE hundred and seventy-five dollars purchased Sophie Kommenos, the Countess Potocka, from her mother, at the age of twelve. But when she was just twice that age, she cost Count Potocki $1,000,000. In 1778 the French Ambassador to Turkey saw her, dressed in ragged clothes, but wonderfully beautiful, playing in the streets of Constantinople. Sophie was twelve years old at this time, and the daughter of a poor Greek woman who kept a bakeshop. The Ambassador was much attracted toward the little girl. In those days in Turkey it was not unusual to buy and sell girls as slaves; so he bought Sophie for $375 and took her home with him. He had her educated, and in 1787 proposed to marry her.

On the way to Paris, where they were to be married, the Ambassador and Sophie stopped at Kemenets in Podolia. While there they stayed at the Castle of Count de Witt, who was in command of the garrison of the town. The young girl and the army officer fell in love at first sight. They planned to be married. How to get rid of the Ambassador was the question.

A bear hunt was held among the mountains near Kemenets. As the hunt started, de Witt slipped away and hurrying back to Sophie married her. When the Ambassador returned to the castle he found himself locked out.

Sophie and de Witt lived at Kemenets for three years. But they were not happy. De Witt was terribly poor, and poverty did not suit his wife, nor was garrison life exciting enough for one of her temperament. In 1790 she met Count Stanislas Felix Potocki.

Potocki was a Polish politician. He is hated in Poland because he betrayed his country. Wealthy and powerful socially and politically, he appealed strongly to the beautiful, vain, extravagant girl. He offered de Witt the equivalent of $1,000,000 to allow his wife to get a divorce. The poverty-stricken officer was persuaded to do this, and Sophie became the Countess Potocka.

At last the girl could satisfy her longing for luxury and admiration. Everything she could wish for was hers, including the hearts of many noble admirers. Potocki built her a wonderful park in Ukraine which cost about $8,000,000. This park he called "Zofiofka."

Alexandre Kucharski, who painted this portrait of the Countess Potocka, was a Pole, born in 1736.

Countess Potocka died in Berlin in 1822. From a slave girl she had become the enslaver of many hearts; from street urchin she had risen to be Countess. And yet as we gaze at her beautiful, sad face we cannot think of her as being altogether happy.

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MRS. SIDDONS, BY REYNOLDS

FIVE

AMBITION does not always insure success. But in the case of the great artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds, success very nearly equaled ambition. He believed that by studying the great paintings of the world he could eliminate their faults and unite their excellencies in his own. That he stands at the very head of English art is proof enough that he was right. Had he been able to wrest the secret of mixing paints from the great masters of the past, he would have stood side by side with them today.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in Devonshire, England, on July 16, 1723. He studied painting with Thomas Hudson first, and then visited Italy, where he studied the works of the old masters with great care. On his return to London, he stepped into the position of the foremost portrait painter of his day. He became one of the leading members of the famous Literary Club, composed of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and other men prominent in art and letters. He was the first president of the Royal Academy, founded in 1768, and it was in this capacity that he delivered his famous "Discourses" on art. These show Reynolds to have been an artist in words as well as with the brush.

The sight of the great artist began to fail in 1789. He sank gradually until the beginning of 1792, and on the twenty-third of February he passed quietly away.

Reynolds' great portrait of Mrs. Sarah Siddons as "The Tragic Muse" is one of the most famous of his pictures. Mrs. Siddons was one of the greatest actresses that ever trod the English stage. Her best part was Lady Macbeth; but she also played Desdemona, Rosalind, and Ophelia with great success. Rachel, her great rival, excelled her in intensity and the portrayal of fierce passion; but the dignity and pathos of Mrs. Siddons proved her the more finished artist.

Dr. Johnson wrote his name on the hem of her dress in Reynolds' famous picture.

"I would not lose," he said, "the honor this opportunity afforded to me for my name going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

Reynolds was justly celebrated for his portraits. He seems to have seen right into the heart and brains of his subjects. He strove to show character, and to be a good subject for Reynolds' brush the sitter must have character, be it good or bad.

Sir Joshua's brush brought him great financial success also. He left property when he died to the value of $500,000 and works of art that sold for $150,000. When to this is added enduring immortality, it may be seen that sometimes great ambition is attended by great success.

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QUEEN LOUISE, BY RICHTER

SIX

A LITTLE girl and her governess were standing on a platform half way up the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral. The little girl was fearless and wished to ascend to the highest attainable point. When, however, her governess said, "It will be very fatiguing to me to go up; but I cannot allow you to go alone," the little girl, though greatly disappointed, cheerfully refused to let her governess exhaust herself, and gave up her desire immediately.

This little incident of her childhood shows well the character of Queen Louisa of Prussia. Courageous and firm of will, she, nevertheless, was always thoughtful of others.

Her full name was Auguste Wilhelmine Amalie Luise, and she was born in Hanover on March 10, 1776. Her mother died when she was only six years old, and Louisa was brought up in charge of her grandmother at Darmstadt. In her seventeenth year she was married to Frederick William III., then Crown Prince, and afterward King of Prussia. Theirs was a real love story. The Crown Prince fell in love with Louisa at sight, and loved her through life. He said of his first meeting with his future wife, "I felt when I first saw her, 'Tis she, or none on earth!"

When her husband ascended the throne of Prussia, Louisa won all hearts by her beauty, gracefulness, tact, and kindness. She was a perfect wife, mother, and queen. She accompanied the King on his travels through the provinces, which was an unusual thing for the Queen to do. On these journeys she was constantly aiding the poor and sorrowful.

During the war of 1806 with Napoleon, she set an example for all in bravery and self-denial. Once she met Napoleon and used all her powers of persuasion in an effort to secure favorable terms of peace for her country; but, although she nearly succeeded, her intercession was finally in vain.

Louisa died on July 19, 1810, of heart disease, gentle and brave to the last.

Gustav Richter's portrait of the Queen, which hangs in the Cologne Museum, was painted in 1879, many years after her death. It was executed from written records and contemporary pictures of Louisa.

Gustav (Karl Ludwig) Richter, born in Berlin, August 31, 1823, was one of the most successful portrait painters of modern times. He was a member of, and a professor in, the Berlin Academy. He died in Berlin on August 3, 1884.

On August 3, 1814, King Frederick William III. established the "Order of Luise," in honor of his wife. The badge is a gold cross enameled in black. In the center is a shield of blue, on which the letter L is inclosed in a circle of stars. The ribbon is white, striped with black. The object of this order is to honor patriotic and benevolent women of Prussia.

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